

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE BLIZZARD OF 1899.

New York is passing through one of those experiences that come two or three times in a lifetime to teach us how insignificant our puny civilization is in the grip of angry Nature. The atmosphere yesterday for a mile deep was one gray mass of swirling snow; every street was a mountain canyon; the roofs were creaking under the weight of Alpine drifts; street cars crawled painfully in the wake of angry snow ploughs; Arctic ice floes choked the harbor, and the train service on the railroads flickered feebly, and then, on most of the lines, went out.

It is a time of hideous misery for the poor. The wayfarer who pushes his way with bent head against the gale does not see it; the beggars, the organ-grinders and the tottering old women who offer pencils on the corners are missing, and it might be thought that the suffering was less than usual. But it is only hidden. Driven from the streets by a ferocity of weather, which it is not in half-clad flesh and blood to endure, the waifs are shivering in unwarmed rooms or freezing to death in doorways.

And it is not only waifs that are suffering now. The families of industrious working people, earning just enough to keep them in ordinary times, are feeling the edge of this blast of death. Poorly clothed, insufficiently fed, short of coal, and lodged in houses into which the blizzard spurts at every joint, they are passing through an eternity of torment.

The Spaniards did not succeed in blockading New York, but if this storm should keep up very long we should realize what Havana felt. The blockade we are suffering now is the only one the American navy could not break. If it should last a month we should be eating horses, and starvation would head the list of causes of death.

It is well, perhaps, that we should have, once in a long time, an illustration of the delicate nature of our organization of supply and consumption—a proof of the dependence of a great metropolis upon its uninterrupted communications with the outside world. A settlement in North Dakota might be snowed up all Winter without serious inconvenience, but one day's blizzard in New York means annoyance to all and distress to some, a second day means widespread misery, and a week would bring on the horrors of a city besieged.

Happily there is no likelihood of such an ordeal. The worst of the present visitation is believed to be over, and in a few days the Blizzard of 1899 will take its place in historical reminiscences along with the Blizzard of 1888.

substances as cyanide of mercury, arsenic or strychnine. Alger and Eagan are vindicated and Miles is to be exposed as a prevaricating mischief-maker.

General Miles is neatly circumventing this plan by having an analysis of his own made by competent chemists to determine whether or not the meat was edible and nutritive. His charges are that it was sickening and nauseating to the sense of taste and smell; that it had been prepared with chemicals to preserve it, and that it had no nutritive value. This does not imply that "poison," in the sense that chemists understand the word, was used. It does imply that it was not the kind of food man can eat and live. Salicylic acid and boric acids are not poisons. They are very useful remedies, but the unfortunate sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism who has been compelled to take the former no doubt has unpleasant recollections as to its palatableness and its deleterious results when taken for a prolonged period.

The Administration must not be permitted to go "outside the record." The issues are sharply enough defined as the case stands, and as to the main charge, the testimony of a few responsible men who smelled and tried to eat the stuff ought to be enough.

The commission appointed by President McKinley to whitewash Secretary Alger and the Chicago Beef Trust has duly whitewashed Secretary Alger and the Chicago Beef Trust. In preparing its report it has followed the suggestion of Armour's Washington agent: "Not necessary be particular about quality."

This shameless report affords abundant evidence of the unfitness of the present Administration to reorganize and enlarge the army. William McKinley is as responsible for the scandals that have brought shame upon the American name as Russell A. Alger. Until he gives some signs of repentance Congress ought to refuse to grant him another soldier. Army reform before army increase. Let the Democrats make that their motto. It is better than futile opposition to expansion. Why have Democratic Congressmen been so silent on this point? Has the distribution of army spoils among them benumbed their political senses?

A Compliment from Germany.

Das von Herrn W. A. Hearst in New York herausgegebene New York Journal hat eine 218 Seiten in Groß-Oktav umfassende Broschüre veröffentlicht, welche die vollständigen offiziellen Protokolle der spanisch-amerikanischen Friedens-Kommission und den Friedensvertrag selbst in spanischer und englischer Sprache enthält. Das ist eine bedeutende journalistische und technische Leistung, denn das Ganze ist am 1. Januar gedruckt worden, d. h. fünf Tage früher, als der Vertrag von der Ber. Staaten-Regierung veröffentlicht wurde. Der Titel der Broschüre ist ein etwas langatmiger, er lautet nämlich:

Secret Proceedings of the Peace Commission. Official Verbatim Report in Spanish and English of every Session and the Protocols and the Treaty in full between the United States and Spain, as originally procured and exclusively published by the New York Journal and Advertiser. Issued in Pamphlet Form for the Information of United States Senators and Representatives, Governors of States and Members of State Legislatures—with the Compliments of the New York Journal.

Obgleich das große New Yorker Blatt seine reich ausgestattete Publikation zunächst für die gefehrten Körperchaften in den Ber. Staaten bestimmt hat, wird diese Materialien-Sammlung zum besseren Verständniß eines historisch bedeutsamen Ereignisses doch auch für andere Personen, wie Politiker und Geschichtsforscher, von Wichtigkeit und Nutzen sein.

The New York Journal, published in New York by Mr. W. R. Hearst, has given to the public a large brochure of 218 pages, which contains the protocols of the Spanish-American Peace Commission and the peace treaty itself both in English and in Spanish.

This is an extraordinary journalistic achievement, for the whole brochure left the press on January 1—five days earlier than the United States Government published the treaty. The title of the pamphlet is a long one. It is as follows:

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Though this great New York daily had intended this voluminous publication for the legislators, this collection of material will serve to give a better understanding of a great historical event to other persons than politicians and historians.

Newspapers and Crime.

The New York Journal, which has done many bold and generous things, has a standing offer of \$5,000 for information which will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the murderer of Mrs. Kate J. Adams.

NEW YORK'S TWO BLIZZARDS.

THE blizzard of 1888 is no longer an event from which to date reminiscences. It has been surpassed by the blizzard of 1899.

Not as much snow fell in the last twenty-four hours as on that memorable 12th of March, but the winds were higher and the thermometer indicated a greater degree of cold. Altogether yesterday was a wilder, blavier, colder, more wretched day than that day eleven years ago, when New York was prostrate in the grip of the blizzard. That the paralysis consequent on great storms in big cities is not so complete as it was in 1888 is due to the progress of the age. If New York were still a horse car city there would be just as much trouble now as there was then. The crippling of the snow king's power was not by design. It came about gradually, incidental to improvements made without thought of blizzards.

The establishment of cable lines and trolley lines made it possible to run cars at greater speed and more frequent intervals; the improvement in motors brought locomotive snow ploughs and sweepers that keep the cable tracks clear, and thus make way not only for the cable cars, but for the few surviving horse cars and other vehicles as well.

On the morning of the 12th of March, 1888, Broadway was an unfurrowed lane of snow. The cars were stopped, even snow ploughs drawn by eight and ten horses could not force their way through. Cabs and other vehicles were unable to cross the great drifts, and downtown was effectively cut off from the residence district. The elevated trains were blocked, after fighting a desperate battle for hours. Three locomotives were put on a single train, but even then the train could only crawl in and out of the city. One train that did get through was over four hours in travelling from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to the City Hall. Trains were stalled between stations, and the Fire Department took the passengers to the street by means of ladders.

This condition may be paralleled today. It was due to the tremendous amount of snow that fell in a single day. On March 12, 1888, sixteen and one-half inches of snow fell in New York City, three inches more than have fallen during the present blizzard since its beginning four days ago. But on March 13 and March 14 of 1888 the total snow fall was only a little over five inches. That blizzard was over in three days. This one has already been under way for four days, and the end is not yet in sight.

Already the trails of the Long Island and Kings County roads have been stopped on the service crippled, and it will not take much more snow to bring the Manhattan system to a standstill. The streets do not look as desperate now as they did then, because of the lanes of the cable tracks and the absence of the tangles of telegraph wires that broke down under the load of snow.

"HER ATONEMENT" IN THE BLIZZARD.

IN spite of the blizzard, the Academy of Music threw open its doors last night. I presume that it was to avoid disappointing the actors who were billed to appear in Anson Pond's "great American play," "Her Atonement." I can think of no other reason. "Her Atonement" is the sort of play that has been going on, unimpaired, for a great many years, and it will keep. A small and snow-laden audience surged in at the big doors and sat down in the vast auditorium. Others were in the lobby.

Of course, the sole reason for reviving "Her Atonement" was the possibility of introducing "soldiers" into the second act, when the New York volunteers start for the war via the Cortlandt street ferry. In this act some members of the Astor Battery paraded in front of the curtain, following upon an array of nice, well-groomed "sups," and all rapturously applauded by a realistic collection of archers. I can't say that this scene went as well as it might have done, but I'll do my duty by it, and say that the names of those members who walked on to the ferry boat were, according to the programme, as follows: Messrs. Keckhoff, Corrie, Dixon, Holster, Whitlaier, Ferguson, Thompson, Walker, Baker, Peacock, Kenly, Essex, Butler, Gordon, Sanderlin, Holland, Block, Pyas, Hollister, Lyon, Donovan, Sheridan, Hardenbrook, W. R. Baker, Keckhoff, Watterson, Keckhoff, Szwetzel, Duffy and Woodward.

I don't often do the directory act in my criticism, do I? In this case there is so little that I can possibly do for "Her Atonement" that I feel I really ought to emphasize the Astor Battery matter.

We saw them later on a nice, well-built ferry boat, that seemed to be dragging along a slice of water with it, and later on on a very crowded railroad train pulling out of the station for the war. And the programme said "Good-bye."

Anson Pond is the author of "Her Atonement," which was written, I believe, fifteen years ago. Mr. Pond is such a pleasant, courtly, anecdotal person that it seems rather criminal to rake up his past for him.

He is treated just as badly as his heroine, who also suffers from a dose of past. Mr. Pond will probably see his own play and think it a huge joke, for, if I mistake not, he has a keen sense of the ridiculous. The "her" in the atonement case is the usual lady who has been lured to her ruin by man's perjury. She wears a charming colored dress, an expression of wiled real agony, and neatly combed hair. She has had a child. The stage ladies who are lured to their ruin always have children. It is an unpleasant little way they have. You see her first of all in her betrayer's home. She has come to reproach and throw her child—metaphorically—in his teeth. But before she has seen him another comes—the brother of a girl whose future he has blighted. Never was an inoffensive looking man more wearily hounded by the evil that he did. And before the first act closed the villain was killed by a well aimed shot, and the wrong man labelled as his murderer.

Now I say more? If I need, I'm not going to do so. "Her Atonement" was very successful years ago, but since then whippers have sprouted upon the play, and as a curiosity only it may be seen without disaster.

It contains the usual types—a comely Irish policeman with magenta whiskers, and a fat bargee; a little street boy, whose mother is dead (I have never seen a street boy on the stage with a living mother); a couple of chatty servants, a detective, and a very stout person with tragedy manners, programmed as "Colonel Swift, a soldier and a lawyer." Then there is the straight, direct, manly youth, who is accused of the crime, and his handmaiden, who stops him on his way to the Cortlandt street ferry and weeps on his shoulder-blades. In the cast were some very good people. That is one good thing about Charles Frohman. You are always sure of getting the creme de la creme of the "profess," and it is pretty certain that a good cast helps a bad play. But I was sorry for Annie Irish, in the cinnamon garb of the lady lured to her ruin. Miss Irish is too nice for such ruin. Any old actress can portray a

The advance of the city has put the wires under ground. That fewer people have died in the snow is another indirect result of this same progress. On the morning of March 13, 1888, George D. Barnmore, a hop merchant, living at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Seventh avenue, was

found dead in the snow and the tale is not yet told.

The story of eleven years ago is being repeated with eerie accuracy. One by one the telegraph wires are being reported as broken. It is not probable that the complete cessation of telegraphic communication that prevailed for a brief period on March 13, 1888, will come again, as the class of wires now in general use by all companies are strong enough to withstand a great deal more than the wires in use eleven years ago, but it is not a certainty that they will bear up to the storm again.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford train, the New York Central and the Harlem Railroad were all choked by snow drifts, and the Long Island and New Jersey suburban trains were completely stalled in 1888.

These are the very railroads that are suffering now, though the up State roads have been able to continue some sort of service by reason of the elaborate snow-fighting apparatus which they did not have when the other blizzard came down upon them. In addition to these the B. & O., the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, and the West Shore are said to be in worse shape than they were in 1888.

The trouble with the ferryboats was not worse in 1888 than it was yesterday. Then the boats that cross the East River landed passengers when and where they could.

The floating ice choked the river and for a time stopped all traffic, while a bridge formed from shore to shore, over which people walked. So far this time the East River has kept indifferently clear, but the Staten Island boats and those to Jersey are having fully as bad a time as they had in the record year.

Even in the incidental happenings the parallel holds.

In the midst of the freezing and the blowing of that other blizzard a huge fire broke out, and firemen were injured trying to extinguish it.

It was worse then than now, for the wires that now run safely underground were down. Fire after fire started by people overheating their homes until the department was utterly exhausted.

It was exactly the same condition that followed the big fire of day before yesterday, when Nilsson Hall burned and eight firemen were hurt in the collapse of the roof.

Steamers were caught by the ice floe, and, dragging their anchors, were carried by the ice through the Narrows and back again, just as the Santiago, the Alliance and the Scottish Prince were on Sunday.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE ORDEAL OF 1888.

In the snow while endeavoring to walk to Coner Island, then, as now, cut off from communication with New York, was another dreadful case. Though the victims of the present storm have not been of as much prominence, they are not lacking in the parallel. Already several have been found dead in the snow and the tale is not yet told.

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SAVE THE PERISHING.

Help the poor. If everywhere. It is usually possible to extinguish a fire in its incipency with little difficulty. Many other obvious precautions will suggest themselves to everybody. With the necessary care we should not have a repetition of the fire record of last week.

Some clergymen have announced that their churches will be kept open night and day for the relief of the suffering; that they will be kept warm and light, and that coffee and food will be furnished to all comers. Why not have that policy adopted everywhere? If every church were a life-saving station would not religion gain new power among the poor?

This is no time for cold-blooded economic theories. Lives are at stake. Give!

THE HEROISM OF OUR FIREMEN.

During the past few days New Yorkers have had opportunity to witness within the boundaries of their own city acts of heroism in no respect less brilliant than the achievements of our men on the more imposing panorama of war. Last week's remarkable fire record and the unusual difficulties attending the work of fighting the flames on account of the extreme cold combined to tax the efficiency of the Fire Department and the courage and endurance of the men to the utmost. In some cases three and four alarms were sounded within the same hour, and often the men, barely returned from one fire and without opportunity to warm their numbed limbs, were obliged to face the cold anew in a different quarter. Acts of individual bravery that invite comparison with the most daring feats at San Juan hill were performed daily by the firemen in rescuing life and protecting property. There was not the bugle call or the drum beat or the intoxication of battle to inspire their efforts, and the consciousness of playing to the theatre of the world was not theirs. They simply did their duty—silently, fearlessly, and many did much more.

New York is proud of its Fire Department, and its citizens rest easy in the knowledge that their lives and property could not be better protected. But under the extraordinary conditions that now prevail and are to continue for some days yet the people should take extra precautions to avoid fires. Attendants at the theatre should be especially careful. Chief Bonner advises that this work be done with the greatest care, and that stoves, in the time submitted to the Agri-culture, not oil lamps, be used. Again, a cultural Department for analysis. In other few buckets of water should be kept handy words, if the chemists fail to find some such

Perhaps this experience may impress upon our municipal authorities the absolute necessity of having an underground rapid transit system, owned by the city. Such a system would be entirely independent of blizzards, and no other can be. Does not underground rapid transit seem rather a live issue to the shivering New Yorker just now?

A STRONG ALLY FOR THE JOURNAL'S POLICY.

The Central Federated Labor Union of New York City is about to adopt a new constitution, in which two of the planks of the Journal's internal policy will be prominent features. The principle of public ownership of public franchises is to be announced in no uncertain language, and the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people will be demanded. The power for good or evil capable of being exerted by this important federation is much greater than most of its members have yet learned to realize. If as an organization it will work harmoniously to give effect to the planks suggested by the Journal, the ultimate adoption of these reform measures by the whole people is inevitable. It is gratifying to know that the Journal, even at the outset of its campaign for internal reform, has the co-operation of so potent an ally. But there is hard work ahead. Dishonest capital will fight desperately to protect its spoils; venal politicians will resist honest reforms with all the force and craftiness they have learned so well to employ. Both are well entrenched and well organized. Only concert of action and tireless effort can overthrow them. The Journal welcomes the Central Federated Labor Union as co-workers in the patriotic task it has assumed.

BEEF EMBALMERS SHIFTING THE ISSUE.

The latest ruse adopted by the Administration to cleanse its skirts of the embalmed beef scandal is to so dis-tort the charges made by General Miles as to make them stand or fall on the presence or absence of "poisonous" gases, or sub-stance done with the greatest care, and that stanches, in the time submitted to the Agri-culture, not oil lamps, be used. Again, a cultural Department for analysis. In other few buckets of water should be kept handy words, if the chemists fail to find some such



CONKING FOUND IN THE SNOW DRIFT.

A DRAMA THAT STORM COULD NOT AFFECT.

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